

Amelie And Oliver

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Summary: Short fic about Amelie and Oliver, my first fic, please be nice, Amelie confesses her love for Oliver.

Amelie And Oliver

**\*\*Amelie and Oliver \*\***

**\*\*I do not own these characters, nor do I own Morganville Vampires\*\***

**\*\*This is my first fic, please be nice, English is not my 1st language, so there may be some spelling mistakes...\*\***

Amelie paced nervously around in her office. She was a buisy woman, and she wanted him to come quicly, so she could get it over with. All of sudden she heard a soft knock on the door, and knew it was Oliver.

She was going to tell him today. No more lies. Suddenly she felt scared. What if he thought her stupid? Or told anyone? Maybe if she waited a few days it would fade away?

Then there was another knock on the door.

"Amelie, could you please let me in?" Oliver sounded annoyed. No, she wasn't telling him today. Maybe she never was. She didn't know anymore.

"Yes, send him in" She answered in what she hoped to be the Ice Queen voice.

As Oliver let himself in, he noticed something wrong with Amelie. She was drumming her nail on her desk as usual, but today it wasn't out of boredom. She seemed nervous. She looked some papers she had neatly placed in front of her.

"Well, Oliver, I want you to take these papers to Myrnin, please." Oliver almost got a heart attack. She was saying please now? After the shock wore off he went over to her desk, and took the papers. As he took them he looked at her face. She wasn't looking at him.

"Thank you, Oliver. You're dismissed." She looked at the papers, then she rose from her desk and went over to the window. She was looking out at the Founders Square with a thoughtful look on her face.

"Anything wrong, Amelie?" Oliver started slowly walking over to her, wanting to see her face.

"No, not at all." She said, still not turning to look at him. He reached out his hand, but let it fall. "Then why is it that I don't believe you?" Oliver saw her shoulders rise and fall as she sighed, and wondered what was bothering her. "How would I know?" She snapped back. That was all Oliver could take. "Amelie, look at me, and then tell me there is nothing bothering you." Amelie still wouldn't turn, so he reached out and slowly, gently even, turned her around. "I am fine" she said, then trying to smile as if to convince him. He didn't believe her for one second. "Look at me" he said softly. "I can't" she said back, sounding devastated. She then walked back to her chair, and sat down, Oliver right behind her. "Why won't you tell me what it is?" Now Oliver sounded frustrated, and he was too.

Amelie looked up at him then, her eyes tired. "I am telling you. I. Am. Fine." She looked at his face, still avoiding his gaze. She wasn't going to tell him. She was still too scared. "Why do you care, anyways?" She asked looking at the pile of papers at her desk. His handsome face turned and looked straight at her. "What do you mean, why do I care?" He said angrily. "Of course I care, Amelie. If you cannot see thatâ€¦" Amelie looked at him, frustrated. Why wouldn't he just let this go? "I need to get these papers to Myrnins." She said, trying to push past him, but of course, he wouldn't let her. She threw her papers onto the desk in pure anger, and looked at him, her eyes flashing red. "I said; I need to get these papers to Myrnin" she said slowly. Oliver shook his head. "And I need you to tell me what's wrong. And don't try to deny it, I know there is something wrong."

Finally she looked him in the eye. She asked him to take a seat, and he did. She sat down in the chair facing Oliver's, and sighed. "Now?" he said impatiently. "Well, uh, the truth isâ€¦. Umâ€¦ You, ehâ€¦.I errr, weâ€¦" She stuttered nervously. Why was she nervous? "Amelie, you can tell me. I won't tell anyone else." She looked at him, and shifted in her chair and fiddled with her hands. It was very distracting. He took them and held them away from each other. She closed her eyes, looked down and sighed. "I think I love you, Oliver." She said, still not opening her eyes, hanging her head, afraid of his reaction.

"Well, then," he said, "do you know how we used to do this back when I was young?" She opened her eyes and looked at him. Was he talking about stoning? He rose from his seat and pulled her with him. "First, the man would take the woman's hand" and he took her hand. Then he placed her hand on his shoulder, and his own on her back. Then he took her hand in his. "What are we doing?" Amelie asked, looking up

at him. "Why, dancing of course", he answered. "But I can't dance!" She said, looking him straight in the eye. She hadn't done this in at least two hundred years. "Then stand on my feet." He said. She did, and he started waltzing around the office, slowly, for a vampire. "Do you know what happens next?" Oliver asked, stopping. Amelie, who was still standing on his feet, was a bit too dazed to answer, and Oliver took that as a no. He looked down at her. She felt her heart flutter.

She looked so beautiful, he thought while looking down at her. Her hair was loose, she was wearing her normal skirt and blouse, and her pale skin looked like marble. He bent down, slowly as if not to scare her, and when he was so close he could brush his lips against hers, he whispered "this" before bending all the way down, kissing the woman he had loved for so long.

He was kissing her and she kissed him back. After a few moments they parted. Amelie couldn't believe how well this was going! She looked at him. "I lied." She said. "I didn't need those papers for Myrnnin." She just felt like telling him. "I know." He said. "However, I do have a lot of signing and stamping left before I can go home" she said tiredly. "I'll help you, love" Oliver said. And so he did. He stamped and Amelie signed. After at least two hours of this, Oliver noticed that the next paper never came. He turned then, and saw Amelie sleeping lightly in her chair. He touched her arm gently. "Amelieâ€¦. Wake up, please" she stirred and looked at him. "I am sorry. I have had a long day, and was obviously more tired than I thought." "Well, Amelie, you can't sleep here, I'll take you home." Oliver offered her his hand, and pulled her to her feet. "Thank you" she said gratefully. She was a bit groggy, and wanted nothing more than to sleep in the chair so that she didn't have to walk all the way to the car.

Oliver noticed and offered his arm. She took it and they walked in silence to his car. It didn't occur to Amelie that this wasn't her car as she got into the passengers seat. "What time is it, Oliver?" She didn't care very much, but wanted to know how long it had been since she slept and drank. "About four in the morning"

Oliver looked at her. Her eyelids fluttered shut and she leant her head against the window. He could have woken her, but found himself not wanting to. She needed sleep, and he needed her to be healthy. She looked so innocent and soft when she slept, he thought. Nothing like the Ice Queen image she used all the time. This was what he loved most about her. The way she only opened up to a few people. As he stopped the car outside her house he got out of the car and went over to Amelie's side, and carried her into the house. He still had her spare key, which she had forgotten at his coffee shop and asked him to keep it "just in case". He set her gently down on the sofa, and got a glass of blood for her. He sat it on the table beside her, and sat down in the chair. He would let her sleep.

End  
file.